

THE ARKHAM COLLECTOR



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The new Arkham House warehouse.

A NEAR CATASTROPHE. In the previous issue we pointed out that the building of our new warehouse above would put a drain on our working capital. Since then, a far more important event has taken place which will profoundly affect the Arkham House program for the next year or two, though we hope to be able to announce a firm schedule in

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our next issue. August Derleth, hospitalized for a gall-bladder removal, came down with complications that kept him in the hospital for 87 days at a cost far in excess of the insurance he carried: \$10,000. Since August Derleth is Arkham House, the new debt load falls on each equally, and must be cleared before Arkham House can expand its list. At the same time, production costs have gone up, and certain changes have become necessary.

For one thing, THIRTY YEARS OF ARKHAM HOUSE will be re-priced at \$3.50 instead of \$3.00 and will be delayed into 1970. Production cost estimate on this book far exceeded our expectations, hence the changes. No change is anticipated in the publication of Smith's OTHER DIMENSIONS, but the loss of time in hospital may delay Lovecraft's third volume of letters. We contemplate publication also of DEMONS AND DINOSAURS, a collection of poetry by L. Sprague de Camp, but announcement about this book must wait upon our next issue.

The increase in our debt load is bad enough, but the loss of 87 days — and the necessity of working only part time for some months to come — is a near catastrophe for Arkham House. We will make every attempt to weather it and overcome our problems just as soon as possible.



POE'S LAKE

I slipped through strangely silent trees
and there before me lay the lake;
its still black waters seemed to shine
in some dimension out of time.

A loon called, far in the distance,
accentuating silence. Nothing moved.

The cold lost waters looked so deep
I wondered what their depths might keep.

"It must be one of Poe's lakes," I thought.
"Auber, or a dim lake from *Dreamland*."
Just as I turned to take my leave,
a swooping raven brushed my sleeve!

—Joseph Payne Brennan

† † †

TO CLARK ASHTON SMITH

Upon what rare and oriental wine
Your visions feed, I cannot claim to know,
Nor from what volumned lore of spheres sublime
You build your necromantic tales, whereto
So many dreamers like myself do come
To revel in the opulence of art
That nourishes like some supernal sun
We famished dreamers whom our age doth hurt.

It is apparent you alone may spell
The hieroglyphs of parchments old as Mu
And vivify old legends to regale
A modern age that mocks its poets so.
Sing on, Atlantean, and cull new song
From elder mythos neglected overlong.

—Lin Carter

† † †

A NIGHT FOR A SHEARING WIND

We have to do these things, I said. How else
do you suppose the race could get along?
We've got no natural right to squeamishness.
Flesh is flesh, has its ways, and takes us in account
like so much fodder. Overcome your mind,
put out those notions of what's wholesome, neat.
We have our duty here, we mayn't shirk it.

Outside a wind came barbering the trees. I heard
it shearing loose oak leaves, I felt almost
a great cold magnet reaching up
to pull them into soil. Past midnight now,
time for all smoulderings of man to sink.
At one o'clock came ashes. All the household slept
but two appointed share of dark November,
I pitied him, a cousin always pitiously soft,
full of undared reproaches against nature.
His smallish head held so behind his palms
partly to buoy up its weight of grief
but more with the lean picket of his fingers
to fence away the sight of the one stilled.
Our light, dimmed for the now-failed eye,
cowered too much in corners. I made it more,
thinking to cheer him; it struck his face a blow.

Come on, I said, we've work to do. You have
to take what falls your lot. We'll shave him first —
no need to wake the living — they're past their dread.
Why make them take that cold bedfellow back?
I'm the one with diploma. I'll do the honors.
That's the prerogative of the schooled: keep the world
buttoned together, tucked in, proper-knotted.
We'll do Delilah's act, take hair while he sleeps.

Poor soul, our Samson never wakes to shame,
 not in this bald century. We'll heat up water —
 you put the pot on in the kitchen, quiet.
 Tap water likely'd do — I doubt he'd mind scratching —
 but one last comfort won't be grudged him.
 There. Look, him lying so relaxed, so easy.
 As fits a customer who's lost all fear
 of razors.

Speak up. You're his kinsman. He'll want
 to hear some razzle-dazzle conversation
 even if he's not on a pumped-up throne.
 So then, he's heard a better barber? Sound asleep!
 His mouth hangs open like an ironing board
 pulled out from the wall. That makes for trouble.
 I never said it would be pleasant, did I?
 All occupations have got drawbacks. Yours
 tonight as much as any, maybe more so.

One of those acorn-punctuated nights, it was.
 The wind kept springing up in volleys till the oaks
 discharged their shot against the roof. The way they rolled
 like little bouncing knucks: a devil's hopskotch done
 on the brink of a pit. There was no need to pink
 such a weak-livered cousin, but a tyranny
 possessed me. Was it fair for him to cringe
 and look away and beg to run while I
 took on necessity? Besides, the job had hurdles
 you wouldn't have foreseen. Toothless, those cheeks
 refused to meet the blade. An item of technique —
 I think you see the problem, needing teamwork,
 not burrowing under layers of blue funk.

You'll have to hold his chin. Think yourself
 a surgeon, someone professional, does it every day.
 You can't be sorry for yourself; that's luxury

and all of us are poor in the last hour. Chin up!
 It ought to be required men take an oath
 to put aside their gooseflesh and their crawling
 in face of the final. Who knows in these days
 what capsule of catastrophe shakes out?
 I said you've got to keep his chin closed up.
 Watch what you're doing, you'll not let things sag.

He wasn't of the breed that binds the world.
 Depend on him, somewhere meridians would start.
 But I've no call to hold him in contempt:
 some are born flabby, some haven't the hard ore.
 He sat there with one hand stretched out yet half drawn
 back —

you've seen a bird about to land that takes a look
 as if it fought against the turning loose of air?
 He had the same reluctance. And he squinched his eyes
 it wasn't any wonder the mouth kept popping open
 under his fingers. I saw it would be charity
 to let him go and do the job alone
 (better, not being tangled in his traces).

I was about to tell him to take out, when of a sudden
 it came to me to teach him if not spunk
 then manners. Next time he let the mouth drop down
 I clapped his shaky hand square in those chops
 and helped our trade to bite him.

After he disappeared

I neated up the place, for someone had to do it.
 I don't recall a word was said in disapproval.
 In fact, it seemed to me our customer had got,
 now it was nearing dawn, a look of satisfaction
 somebody had had the starch to do him up
 as near presentable as the facts permitted.

— William D. Barney

NYARLATHOTEP

by H. P. Lovecraft

Nyarlathotep . . . the crawling chaos . . . I am the last . . . I will tell the audient void.

I do not recall distinctly when it began, but it was months ago. The general tension was horrible. To a season of political and social upheaval was added a strange and brooding apprehension of hideous physical danger; a danger widespread and all-embracing, such a danger as may be imagined only in the most terrible phantasms of the night. I recall that the people went about with pale and worried faces, and whispered warnings and prophecies which no one dared consciously repeat or acknowledge to himself that he had heard. A sense of monstrous guilt was upon the land, and out of the abysses between the stars swept chill currents that made men shiver in dark and lonely places. There was a demoniac alteration in the sequence of the seasons — the autumn heat lingered fearsomely, and everyone felt that the world and perhaps the universe had passed from the control of known gods to forces which were unknown.

And it was then that Nyarlathotep came out of Egypt. Who he was, none could tell, but he was of the old native blood and looked like a Pharaoh. The fellahin knelt when they saw him, yet could not say why. He said he had risen up out of the blackness of twenty-seven centuries, and that he had heard messages from places not on this planet. Into the lands of civilisation came Nyarlathotep, swarthy, slender, and sinister, always buying strange instruments of glass and metal and combining them into instruments yet stranger. He spoke much of the sciences — of electricity and psychology and gave exhibitions of power which sent his spectators away speechless, yet which swelled his fame to exceeding magnitude. Men advised one another to see

Nyarlathotep, and shuddered. And where Nyarlathotep went, rest vanished, for the small hours were rent with the screams of nightmare. Never before had the screams of nightmare been such a public problem; now the wise men almost wished they could forbid sleep in the small hours, that the shrieks of cities might less horribly disturb the pale, pitying moon as it glimmered on green waters gliding under bridges, and old steeples crumbling against a sickly sky.

I remember when Nyarlathotep came to my city — the great, the old, the terrible city of unnumbered crimes. My friend had told me of him, and of the impending fascination and allurements of his revelations, and I burned with eagerness to explore his uttermost mysteries. My friend said they were horrible and impressive beyond my most fevered imaginings; that what was thrown on a screen in the darkened room prophesied things none but Nyarlathotep dared prophesy, and in the sputter of his sparks there was taken from men that which had never been taken before yet which shewed only in the eyes. And I heard it hinted abroad that those who knew Nyarlathotep looked on sights which others saw not.

It was in the hot autumn I went through the night with the restless crowds to see Nyarlathotep; through the stifling night and up the endless stairs into the choking room. And shadowed on a screen, I saw hooded forms amidst ruins, and yellow evil faces peering from behind fallen monuments. And I saw the world battling against blackness; against the waves of destruction from ultimate space; whirling, churning, struggling around the dimming, cooling sun. Then the sparks played amazingly around the heads of the spectators, and hair stood up on end whilst shadows more grotesque than I can tell came out and squatted on the heads. And when I, who was colder and more scientific than the rest, mumbled a trembling protest about "imposture" and "static electricity," Nyarlathotep drove us

all out, down the dizzy stairs into the damp, hot, deserted midnight streets. I screamed aloud that I was not afraid; that I never could be afraid; and others screamed with me for solace. We swore to one another that the city was exactly the same, and still alive; and when the electric lights began to fade we cursed the company over and over again, and laughed at the queer faces we made.

I believe we felt something coming down from the greenish moon, for when we began to depend on its light we drifted into curious involuntary marching formations and seemed to know our destinations though we dared not think of them. Once we looked at the pavement and found the blocks loose and displaced by grass, with scarce a line of rusted metal to shew where the tramways had run. And again we saw a tram-car, lone, windowless, dilapidated, and almost on its side. When we gazed around the horizon, we could not find the third tower by the river, and noticed that the silhouette of the second tower was ragged at the top. Then we split up into narrow columns, each of which seemed drawn up in a different direction. One disappeared in a narrow alley to the left, leaving only the echo of a shocking moan. Another filed down a weed-choked subway entrance, howling with a laughter that was mad. My own column was sucked toward the open country, and presently I felt a chill which was not of the hot autumn; for as we stalked out on the dark moor, we beheld around us the hellish moon-glitter of evil snows. Trackless, inexplicable snows, swept asunder in one direction only, where lay a gulf all the blacker for its glittering walls. The column seemed very thin indeed as it plodded dreamily into the gulf. I lingered behind, for the black rift in the green-litten snow was frightful, and I thought I had heard the reverberations of a disquieting wail as my companions vanished; but my power to linger was slight. As if beckoned by those who had gone before, I half-floated between the titanic snowdrifts, quiver-

ing and afraid, into the sightless vortex of the unimaginable.

Screamingly sentient, dumbly delirious, only the gods that were can tell. A sickened, sensitive shadow writhing in hands that are not hands, and whirled blindly past ghastly midnights of rotting creation, corpses of dead worlds with sores that were cities, charnel winds that brush the pallid stars and make them flicker low. Beyond the worlds vague ghosts of monstrous things; half-seen columns of unsanctified temples that rest on nameless rocks beneath space and reach up to dizzy vacua above the spheres of light and darkness. And through this revolting graveyard of the universe the muffled, maddening beating of drums, and thin monotonous whine of blasphemous flutes from inconceivable, unlighted chambers beyond Time; the detestable pounding and piping whereunto dance slowly, awkwardly, and absurdly the gigantic, tenebrous ultimate gods — the blind, voiceless, mindless gargoyles whose soul is Nyarlathotep.

† † †

(Editor's note: This fragment, not included in Lovecraft's collected works, is nothing more than a sketchy account of a dream Lovecraft had late in 1921. It is not, clearly, a story, so much as notes for a story, which, on second thought, Lovecraft thought too thin to draw out into a story. He wrote Reinhart Kleiner on December 14, 1921, that the first paragraph of the fragment was actually written "before I was fully awaked." His account of the dream, written to Kleiner in that letter, is stylistically superior to the fragment; indeed, in his letter, Lovecraft writes that in what he had set down, "the primal thrill was lost, and the terror had become a matter of conscious artistic creation" — which is all too evident in this minor piece.)

† † †

THE GATE IN THE MEWS

Once in a mews in Innsmouth town
 I spied old Esau Marsh and down
 A stairway thought I saw him go —
 Not so!
 For when I went where he had been,
 I saw a sight to unnerve men
 Who think great Euclid was no fool —
 A pool!
 A patch of lights no eye should see
 Pulsating not a yard from me
 Which shrank, winked out and left the stone
 Alone!
 There are dimensions more than three;
 To enter them one needs a key
 And what old Esau found of late —
 A gate!

— Meade Frierson III

† † †

STAR WINDS

Serenely, from Cassiopeia's Chair,
 Twinkling dimly in the vast depths of space,
 Ancient winds find the path the light-years trace.
 Recollections of some past avatar,
 Weird entity of primrose and cinnabar,
 Invade the mind with dreams, baroque, bizarre.
 Narcissus-like, the strange winds wreath the soul . . .
 Dawn brings horror, for in the glass, so droll,
 Shines there no head, but a flower, red and rare.

—Walter Shedlofsky

† † †

THE EDMITE KINGS

In seven bleak years as a painter
 Of visions that taunted my brain,
 I sought for the lost ones of Edom
 Who with the dust of the ages have lain.

* * *

Those whose empires crumbled
 Before the Eocene was spawned;
 While the great terror lizards still thundered,
 Where the abysses of Hell ever yawned.

* * *

My quest was rewarded with nothing;
 The canvas was blank, I had failed,
 And I turned in morose dissipation
 To the seas where hashish-eaters sailed.

* * *

Narcotic perverseness had thrall'd me,
 And I saw all the blasphemous things
 That beat on the walls of our being,
 In a rustle of leathery wings.

* * *

One night I supped on the power of dreams;
 In the colors of swoon I was bound,
 To a universe long beyond recall —
 Whose name had a hideous sound.

* * *

And I saw the great kings of Edom,
 Once more on their towering thrones;
 And their laughs were the death shrieks of vengeance,
 For those souls of the damned were their own.

* * *

Then with a sight-searing lightning
 Those Kings were dissolved in the void;

I had dared to glimpse the forbidden,
Which the unspeakable God destroyed.

* * *

And when I returned from this sojourn of drugs,
No art to portray could I find;
My brushes had been stilled forever —
For when I awoke I was blind.

— Frank D. Thayer, Jr.

† † †

BILLY'S OAK

by Brian Lumley

Having enjoyed a surprising measure of success with my latest book, *Here Be Witches!*; and, in the process of researching for that 'documentary' volume, having stumbled across various mentions of a certain 'Black' book — the *Cthaat Aquadingen*, an almost legendary collection of spells and incantations purported to relate, among other things, to the raising of certain water-elementals — I was considerably put out to discover that the British Museum did not have a copy; or, if there *was* a copy at the museum, then for some reason the controllers of that vast establishment were reluctant to permit its perusal. Yet I especially desired to see a copy, in connection with a companion volume to *Here Be Witches!*, to be entitled *Forbidden Books!*, which my publisher was pressing me to start work upon.

It was this reluctance on the part of the curator of the Rare Books Department to answer my enquiries with anything other than the most perfunctory replies which prompted me to get in touch with Titus Crow: a London-dwelling collector of obscure and eldritch volumes who, I had heard it rumoured, held a copy of the very book I wished to consult in his private library.

In prompt reply to a hastily scribbled letter Mr. Crow invited me round to Blowne House — his residence on the outskirts of the city — assuring me that he did indeed own a copy of the *Cithaata Aquadingen* and that with certain provisions I might be allowed to check through its contents. One of these provisions was that any projected visit to Blowne House would have to be paid during the later hours of the evening; for, as he was currently engaged upon some studying himself, and because he was better able to concentrate at night, he was retiring very late and was rarely out of bed before noon. This, plus the fact that his afternoons were taken up by more mundane but nevertheless essential labors, left him only the evenings in which to work or entertain visitors. Not, as he was quick to explain, that he was given to entertaining visitors very often. In fact, had he not already acquainted himself with my earlier work he would have been obliged to pointblank refuse my proposal. Too many 'cranks' had already attempted to penetrate his retreat.

As the fates would have it, I chose a filthy night to call at Blowne House. The rain was coming down in sheets and great grey clouds hung heavy over the city in the lowering sky. I parked my car on the long driveway in front of Mr. Crow's sprawling bungalow home, ran up the short path with my collar turned up against the downpour, and banged on the heavy door. During the space of the half-minute or so in which it took my host to answer my knock I got thoroughly soaked. As soon as I had introduced myself as being Gerald Dawson I found myself ushered inside, relieved of my dripping coat and soggy hat, and hustled through to Mr. Crow's study where he bade me sit before a roaring fire 'to dry out'.

He was not what I had expected. He was tall and broad-shouldered and it was plain to see that in his younger days he had been a handsome man. Now, though, his hair

had greyed and his eyes, though they were still bright and observant, bore the imprint of many a year spent exploring — and often, I guessed, discovering — along rarely trodden paths of mysterious and obscure learning. He was attired in a flame-red dressing-gown, and I noticed that a small, casual table beside his desk sported a bottle of the best brandy.

It was that which rested upon the desk itself, however, which mainly attracted my attention; for it was obviously the object of Mr. Crow's studies; a tall, four-handed, hieroglyphed, coffin-shaped monstrosity of a clock, lying horizontally, face upwards, along the full length of the huge desk. I had noticed when he answered my knock that my host carried a book; and, as he placed this volume on the arm of my chair while he poured me a welcome drink, I was able to see that it was a well-thumbed copy of Walmsley's *Notes on Deciphering Codes, Cryptograms, and Ancient Inscriptions*. Apparently Mr. Crow was attempting a translation of the fantastic hieroglyphs on the weird clock's face. Even as I got up and crossed the room to look at that device it was obvious to me that the intervals between its loud ticks were quite irregular; nor, I noticed, did the four hands move in consonance with any time-system with which I was at all familiar. I could not help but wonder just what chronological purpose so curious a time-piece served.

Crow saw the bewilderment on my face and laughed. "It puzzles me to the same extent, Mr. Dawson, but I shouldn't let it bother you. I doubt if anyone will ever truly understand the thing; every now and then I get this urge to have another bash at it, that's all, and then I'm at it for weeks at a time, getting nowhere! Still, you didn't come round here tonight to get yourself involved with de Margny's clock! You're here to have a look at a book."

I agreed with him and commenced to outline my plan for including a mention or two of the *Cithaata Aquadingen* in *Forbidden Books!*. As I spoke he moved the occasional

table from its position near his desk to a place nearer to where I had been seated beside the fire. This done he slid back a panel, hidden in the wall to one side of the fireplace, and took down from a dim shelf the very volume in which my interest was seated. Then an expression of extreme loathing crossed his face and he quickly put the book down on the table and wiped his hands on his dressing-gown.

"The, er, binding . . ." He muttered. "It's forever sweating — which is rather surprising, you'll agree, considering its donor has been dead for at least four-hundred years!"

"Its *donor*!" I exclaimed, glancing in morbid fascination at the book. "You don't mean to say that it's bound in . . .?"

"I'm afraid so! At least, *that* copy is."

"My God!" . . . Are there many copies then?" I asked.

"Only three that I know of — and one of the other two is here in London. I take it they wouldn't let you see it?"

"You're very shrewd, Mr. Crow, and perfectly correct. No, I wasn't allowed to see the copy at the British Museum."

"You'd have received the same answer if you'd asked for the *Necronomicon*." He answered. I was taken completely aback.

"I beg your pardon? Don't tell me you believe there really is such a book? Why! I've been assured half-a-dozen times that this *Necronomicon* thing is purely a fiction; a clever literary prop to support a fictional mythology . . ."

"If you say so." He blandly replied. "But, anyway, it's *that* book you're interested in." He indicated the evilly-bound volume on the occasional table.

"Yes, of course," I answered, "but didn't you say something about, well, conditions?"

"Ah! Well, I've taken care of that myself." He said.

"I've had the two centre chapters — the more *instructive* ones — taken out and bound separately; just in case . . . I'm afraid you *can't* see them . . ."

"Instructive ones . . . ? In case . . . ?" I echoed him. "I don't quite see what you mean?"

"Why! In case the thing should ever fall into the wrong hands, of course." He looked surprised. "Surely you must have wondered why those people at the museum keep their copies of such books under lock and key?"

"Yes; I imagine they're locked away because they're very rare, worth a lot of money!" I answered. "And I suppose some of them must contain one or two rather *nasty* items; erotic-supernatural-sadistic stuff, I mean; sort of medieval Marquis de Sade?"

"Then you suppose wrongly, Mr. Dawson. The *Cthaat Aquadingen* contains complete sets of working spells and invocations; it contains the *Nyhargo Dirge* and a paragraph on making the *Elder Sign*; it contains one of the *Sathlatta*, and four pages on Tsathogguan Rituals. It contains far too much — and if certain authorities had had their way even the three remaining copies would have been destroyed long ago."

"But surely you can't *believe* in such things?" I protested. "I mean, I intend to *write* of such books as though there's something damnably mysterious and monstrous about them — I'll have to, or I'd never make a sale — but I can't believe such things myself."

Crow laughed at me. "Can't you? If you'd seen the things I've seen, or been through some of the things I've been through, believe me you wouldn't feel so shocked, Mr. Dawson. Oh, yes, *I* believe in such things. I believe in ghosts and fairies, in ghouls and genies, in a certain mythological 'prop', and in the existence of Atlantis, R'lyeh, and G'harne."

"But surely there's not one scrap of genuine evidence

in favour of any of the things or places you've mentioned?" I argued. "Where, for instance, can one be sure of meeting a — well — a *ghost*?"

Crow thought it over a moment and I felt sure I had scored a major victory. I just could not take it in that this so obviously intelligent man genuinely believed so deeply in the supernatural. But then, in defiance of what I had considered the unanswerable question, he said: "You put me in the position of the ecclesiastical gentleman who once informed a small child of the existence of *An-Almighty-God-Who-Is-Everywhere* — and was then asked to produce him. No, I can't show you a ghost — at least, not without going to a lot of trouble — but I can show you a *manifestation* of one."

"Oh, now come, Mr. Crow, you . . ."

"No, seriously." He cut me off. "Listen!" He put a finger to his lips, signifying silence, and adopted a listening attitude.

The rain outside had stopped and there was only the sporadic patter of droplets draining from the tiles to disturb the silence of the room. Then there came to my ears a quite audible, long drawn out, creaking sound — like straining timbers.

"You heard it?" Crow smiled.

"I heard it," I answered, "I've heard it half-a-dozen times while we've been talking. You've got unseasoned timbers in your attic."

"This house has very unusual rafters." He observed. "Teak — and seasoned well before the house was built. And teak doesn't creak!" He grinned, obviously liking the sound of that last.

I shrugged. "Then it's a tree straining in the wind."

"Right, it is a tree, but it's not straining in the wind. If there was a wind up we'd hear it. No, that was a branch of 'Billy's Oak', protesting at his weight." He crossed to the window with its drawn curtains and inclined his head in the

direction of the garden beyond. "You missed our Billy when you wrote *Here Be Witches!*" He said. "William 'Billy' Fovargue — accused of wizardry — was hanged on that tree in 1675 by a crowd of fear-crazed peasants. He was on his way to trial at the time, but after the 'lynching' the crowd testified they'd jumped the gun on Billy because he'd started a horrible incantation and weird shapes had begun to form in the sky — so they'd simply strung him up to prevent things from going any further . . ."

I got the idea. "I see. So that sound is the branch from which he was hung, still creaking with his weight two-hundred and eighty years after the hanging?" I put as much sarcasm as was possible into my reply.

Crow was quite unperturbed. "That's right." He answered. "It got on the nerves of the previous owner of the house so much that he eventually sold the place to me. The owner before *him* nearly went crazy trying to discover the sound's source."

I spotted Crow's mistake immediately. Something he had said did not ring quite true. "Ah!" I pointed out, "Now that's where your story falls down, Mr. Crow. Surely he would've traced the sound to the oak?" I took his silence as acknowledgement of my cleverness and got to my feet, quickly crossing the room to where he stood by the drawn curtains. As I did so the creaking from the tree in the garden came again, louder.

"It's the wind in the oak's branches, Mr. Crow," I assured him, "and nothing else . . ."

As the eerie sound came yet again from beyond the window I drew back the curtains and stared out into the night.

I took a quick step backwards then, telling myself that I *must* be seeing things. But that was just the point; I was *not* seeing things. My mind suddenly whirled; but, after a moment's thought, I burst into shaky laughter. The clever

devil. He had actually had me going there for a moment. I turned to him in sudden anger and saw that he was still smiling.

"So it *is* the rafters after all?" I blurted, my voice cracking a little.

Crow kept right on smiling. "No, it's not." He said. "That's what nearly drove that fellow I was telling you about crazy. You see, when they built this house seventy years ago, *they cut Billy's Oak down — so that its roots wouldn't interfere with the foundations . . .*"



THE WENDIGO

Dark pines brood silently against the glow
Of golden sunset fading from the sky,
While over glass-still lakes the nightbirds fly
Piping in shrill, weird notes of mirth and woe.
Black shadows creep across the Quetico;
The forest echoes back the chilling cry
Of moonstruck loons, while glimmering on high
The pale aurora's banners writhe and flow.

Now as the twilight fades to deeper gloom
A glowing shadow glides among the trees;
The forest knows the stillness of the tomb,
And then — what eerie, half-heard tones are these
That echo strangely over lake and pond,
Calling one irresistibly to the vast beyond?

— Richard L. Tierney



THE HOUR OF THE WOLF

That hungry hour between darkness and dawn
 when the moon has set
 and left behind the predatory black —
 when nightmares push through the mirrored wall
 and fears drag on flesh
 to dance inside my eyes —
 when scarlet mist breeds crystal dreams
 and a silver succubus
 with shadow hair and sapphire eyes
 touches my hand,
 brushes across my lips
 and blends into my body
 as I die —
 the hour of my dreadful joy.

— Viktor R. Kemper

† † †

NECROLOGY. Two more Arkham House authors are gone. At 89, Grey La Spina died on September 17. In addition to *Invaders from the Dark*, her only published book — and one that was one of the most popular serials ever published in *Weird Tales* — reprinted in paperback, she wrote many short stories for such magazines as *Black Mask*, *Ten-Story Book*, *The Thrill Book*, *Modern Marriage*, *All-Story*, etc., etc.

In London, on November 13, Margery Lawrence died. She had been in failing health for some time, and had been in and out of the hospital. She was one of the most prolific authors writing in the English language. She was a profound student of the occult, and occultism permeates much that she has written. Among her books, apart from *Number*

Seven, Queer Street, recently published under our Mycroft & Moran imprint, are *Master of Shadows*, *Miss Brandt — Adventuress*, *Red Heels*, *Cardboard Castle*, *Strange Caravan*, *The Terraces of Night*, *The Floating Cafe*, *Snapdragon*, *Nights of the Round Table*, *Spanish Interlude*, *Songs of Childhood*, *Fourteen to Forty-Eight*, *Daughter of the Nile*, *Evil Harvest*, *Emma of Alkistan*, *The Rent in the Veil*, *The Gilded Jar*, *Step Light Lady*, *The Bridge of Wonder*, *Overture to Life*, *The Crooked Smile*, *The Madonna of Seven Moons*, *Madame Holle*, *Silken Sarah*, *Drums of Youth*, *Bohemian Glass*, *Ferry Over Jordan*, and others.



BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES. Both *The Lurker at the Threshold* and *The Survivor and Others*, by August Derleth, are being published soon in France. Meanwhile, La Cahiers L'Herne, has brought out a special Lovecraft issue, partly in French, partly in English, with contributions from many sources, including reprints from such early Lovecraft books as *Marginalia* and *Something About Cats*. Arkham House will stock a very limited number (100) of this issue for sale to Lovecraft completists at \$5.00 the copy. This issue of the book-like magazine has been three years in the making.

The Bokanalia Memorial Foundation (Box 14126, San Francisco, California, 94114) has recently issued the well-known "Powers" lithographs of Hannes Bok (the "White," "Grey," "Black," and "Primal" powers), which have never before been printed anywhere and are not available elsewhere. The set of four, handsomely printed, suitable for framing, sells at \$5.00. "We earnestly believe," writes Emil Petaja, "this to be Bok's greatest black and white medium work."

Roy A. Squires (1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale, Cali-

foria, 91201) has embarked upon the ambitious project of printing, in four handsome booklets, each to be handset in different type faces, selected for harmony with the papers and with Lovecraft's prose, four prose poems of Lovecraft's, the first of which will be *Ex Oblivione*. The four booklets will cost collectors \$20.00. Only 125 copies of each will be printed, and of these only 99 are for sale. The booklets will be hand-set and printed by hand-operated press on several varieties of Curtis Rag paper with inks imported from the Netherlands. Anyone who has seen Mr. Squires' attractive publication, *The Demons of the Upper Air*, by Fritz Leiber, recently published, will fully appreciate the quality of his work. "Persons wishing to subscribe to the series are asked to send promptly a \$5 payment for the initial volume." Lovecraft completists will certainly want to own this set of four booklets.

Luther Norris (3844 Watseka Avenue, Culver City, California, 90230) is contemplating making an annual book or chapbook out of *The Pontine Dossier* at \$2.00 the copy. Meanwhile, he is publishing two other chapbooks — presumably at \$3.00 or \$3.50 — a folio of Dr. Fu Manchu pictures by Roy Hunt, and a volume of Sherlockian poems, under the title of *Sherlock Holmes: Two Sonnet Sequences*, by Jacob C. Solovay. There are illustrations by Frank Utpatel, and the price is \$3.00. In his introduction to this collection August Derleth writes, "The sonnets add a dimension to the lore of Sherlock Holmes. They stand out in the welter of Sherlockiana that finds its way into print, and it is good to have them available between covers." The edition is limited to 300 numbered copies, printed in Sans Serif Medium type face on white 70-pound fine quality vellum finish book paper and bound in 90-pound Sorg's leather embossed cover paper."

From France comes word that Christian Bourgois of Paris is preparing to bring out three more Arkham House

books — Clark Ashton Smith's *Lost Worlds*, and August Derleth's *The Mask of Cthulhu* and *The Trail of Cthulhu*.

Patrons who mean to build complete Arkham House collections should bear in mind that many Arkham House books published in 1940 and the early 1950s will soon go out of print.

Two more friends of Arkham House are no longer with us. In Stroudsburg, Pennsylvania, Celia Keller, the widow of Col. David H. Keller; and in New York J. C. Henneberger, the founder of *Weird Tales*, died.

Luther Norris has announced the title of his *Fu Manchu* book as *Fu Manchu and Company*, with an introduction by Irving L. Jaffee, author of *Elementary, My Dear Holmes*. The price is \$3.00 and the booklet is now ready. Among the illustrations by Roy Hunt are portraits of Morris Klaw, Nayland Smith, Fah Lo Suee, and various actors portraying the enigmatic Limehouse doctor.

August Derleth's newest is a collection of love lyrics, *Caitlin* (\$4.50) which has the unique distinction of being suppressed in his home town!